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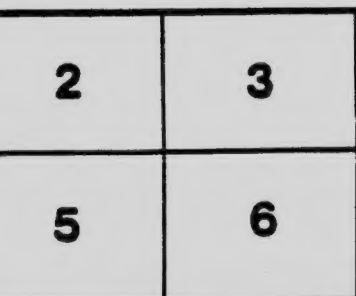
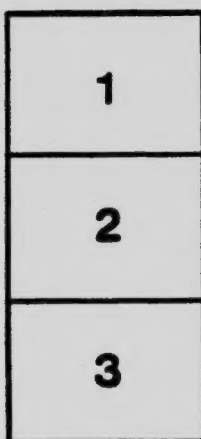
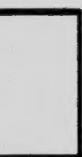
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REQUIEM

Toward
The
Peacemaker

FRANK A. REEVE

146149

Edw

Arce

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REQUIEM.

Edward The Peacemaker.

Rev. M Larni Sampson
from his
friends
Wilfred Campbell

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

REQUIEM.

Edward the Peacemaker.

With Earth's republics bowed in woe,
And Europe's monarchs round his bier,
And mighty pageant sad and slow,
And solemn note of trumpet blown,
And muttering drum and organ's moan,
From duty, honour and renown,
We lay our august Edward down.

Miles of millions down each street,
Britannia's one huge heart-beat
Of human grief; as rank on rank,
In mighty marshalled mournful flow,
Beside old Thames' storied bank,
Where Earth's high kings in sorrow go;
Passes the pageant of her woe.

Out round wide leagues of plangent surge,
And looming coastlines huge and gray,
Where Ocean moans eternal dirge,
The moon and stars his torches dim;
Great Edward's millions grieve and pray,
And bow the head in woe for him,
In those wide continents of his sway,
O'er verges of the world's far rim.

II.

Low lies his head this sad May morn,
The saddest ever poet rhymed,
Or brought the milkwhite to the thorn;
Low lies his head, who monarch born
To eminence he never climbed
Through promises he ne'er fulfilled;
Who never merited our scorn,
Nor made him principles that chimed
With what he deemed the public willed;
Who never flattered men by lie,
To hold in grasp a people's will;
Nor flamed the torch of fancied ill,
To voice the loud majority.

Who born to what he never sought,
Ennobled all his kingly lot,
Performed his duty in his place,
True scion of his royal race,
Took up in later life that crown
From his great mother's brow laid down;
And strove with patience, leal to all,
To be a ruler in a day
Of restless, democratic sway.

Who born to this; yet at his end
Was loved more in spite of fault
Than all earth's great 'neath heaven's vault
Who from obscurity did ascend.
Nor is there one 'mid earth's strong ones
Would dare to cast a stone at him
Who ever faced the foeman's guns,
And at that fateful gateway grim,
When his star sank in death's eclipse,
Went out with "duty" on his lips.

III.

His lowly subjects round his throne,
Hold sorrow in their hearts and eyes
For him the human and the wise,
Who made their joys and woes his own ;
Who with wide sympathy did span
All fiercest gulfs of social hate,
Till even foes of kingly state
Revered the monarch in the man.
In majesty we lay him down,
With England's banner half-mast furled,
'Mid all the sorrow of a world,
In that great, ancient Royal town,
Where England's splendid castle stands,
Glory of all her storied lands,
Moated by old Father Thames,
Famed stream of thrones and diadems.
'Mid tolling slow of funeral bell,
And far-off organ's mournful swell,
And minute gun's low muttering ;
This, England's latest, greatest King,
Scion of a royal line,
Half of earth and half divine,
And heir of all its old renown,
'Mid pageant sad we lay him down,
In that dread chamber of the vast,
To sleep with all her sceptred past,
Those great of Britain's age of gold
And all her splendid thrones of old,
Who rest in death's felicity ;
Wise Alfred ; Norman William ; he,
Her Lion-heart of chivalry ;
And those famed queens, still great in death,
Victoria, Elizabeth !

Wilfred Campbell.



